THE

Moderate Cabal.

A

SATYR.

by the reverend Luke Milborne.

LONDON

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SATYRS

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE
Moderate Cabal.

MUST I be ſilent ſtill, and ſtill be teaz'd
With Brutes by more than ſingle Legions ſeiz'd?
In whoſe dark Boſoms *Beelzebub* preſides,
And thro' rough Ways their bafflʼd Judgments rides,
Till by baſe Flattery and Faction rais'd,
They're firſt for Goodneſs, then for Temper prais'd,
Then mount the Pinacles of Church and State,
Till known and hated, tho', perhaps, too late?
Muſt I be plagu'd with *S*———'s Paſtorals,
Or what from hypocritic *Scotch*-Cloth falls?
View how he throws his brawny Arms about,
While his Harangues amuſe the gaping Rout?
Read how his four-Act Theologic Play
Does both our Church and heav'nly Truth betray;

See what his *Secret History* ſupplies
That Farce of Malice, Impudence, and Lies,
And all his tedious noiſy Cant, when he
Defends *Occaſional*-Conformity?
No: But with angry Satyr's juſteſt Rage,
I'll laſh *the Villains* of this Godleſs Age,
Rip up their Breaſts, anatomize their Hearts,
Expoſe their inmoſt undiſcover'd Parts;
Nor ſhall the darling *George* ſecure the Great,
Nor ſnowy Robes th' Eccleſiaſtic Cheat;
And if weak Nature no Supplies can bring,
Anger ſhall clench the Rhimes, and Juſtice point the Sting.
I burn! I burn! nor can the vaſteſt Seas
Dampier e'er meaſur'd in his Voyages,
Allay my Flame, while *Sutton*'s *Papil* wears
His Head, and at the C——l B——rd appears
An Upſtart, Whoring, Sodomitic Lord,
At Home a Doll, a Patriot at the Board,
Shameleſs as Bauds when for their Game they ply,
Hard as a *Newgate*-Bird condemn'd to die.
Yet fine, polite and airy, brisk and gay,
The Atheiſts Friend, and the Fanatics Stay,
With all the proper Arts of Hell ſupply'd,
But all with *Moderation* ſanctify'd:

Tell

Tell me, my Muſe, for thou, or none, can'ſt tell
Where does this *mond'rous* Moderation dwell;
This Monſter which our *Britiſh* Field o'er powers,
And all the Seeds of Heav'nly Truth devours;
Makes our fair Paradiſe a Deſart wild
By *Zijm* and *Gijm*, by *Bats* and *Owls* defil'd,
While the bright Sword hangs flaming o'er the Gate,
And all who'd enter, only meet their Fate.

Was ſhe *an Angel* of that Rebel Crew
Whom *Lucifer* from their bright Stations drew,
Who thruſt from Heav'n, a Tyrant reigns on Earth,
And gives a thouſand hideous Phantoms Birth!

Or did ſhe ſpring from putrid Soil of old,
When that vaſt Deluge o'er the Surface roll'd,
Dry'd up and gone, prolific Mud grew Warm
With quick'ning Beams, and gave her Life and Form?
Or when on *Python* bright *Apollo* try'd
His golden Shafts, did, when that Serpent dy'd,
From his black Blood this fiercer *Hydra* ſpring,
And from a thouſand Mouths a thouſand Poiſons fling?

Or when th' *old Dragon* from his purple Jaws
Againſt Heav'n's Spouſe, and Heav'n's eternal Laws,
Diſgorg'd huge Floods of peſtilential Foam,
Did ſhe *a Mola* from his Entrails come,

Hatch'd

Hatch'd in the Boſom of the Scarlet Whore,
And fed and ſuckled with her menſtruous Gore,
And all the Marks of both her Parents bore ?
Speak, Muſe, and let the Sottiſh Nations know
To what Originals they their *darling Idol* owe!

Near the ſcorch'd Outworks of Eternal Hell,
Lies a prodigious ſtovy roomy Cell
Where empty Shades and dreadful Mormoes ply,
And new-batch'd Terrors their weak Pinions try;
No fanning Breezes e'er refreſh the Place;
No ſunny Sparks the gloomy Ceilings grace;
No Marble Squares the poliſh'd Pavement make,
But one black pitchy far extended Lake,
By ſilent Rills from opiate Rocks ſupply'd,
Uncheck'd by Current, and unmov'd by Tide,
Whence heavy Dews and pois'nous Vapours riſe,
Whoſe ſulph'rous Steams the ſoundeſt Brains ſurprize;
No Noiſes there, but hiſſing Serpents round,
Fill the vaſt Concave with a driery Sound,
From whoſe red fiery Eyes a diſmal Glare
Shoots dubious Flaſhes thro' the murcky Air;
No Tongues with ſhriller Notes the Ear ſurprize,
But all their Talk in hollow Murmurs dies.

On the dark Plain a *Barca-Longa* lies;
On ſuch in *Southern* Seas the *Spaniard* plies
From *Acapulco* down to *Panama*,
While they with rougheſt Seas and Tempeſts play;
Part under Part above the Waves appears,
And by the ſetting Current mainly ſteers:
The Deck a Throne groteſque and antique bears,
Which to the Roof its lofty Pillars rears;
The Throne it ſelf all fram'd of *fatal Yew*,
On which meer *Orpiment* and *Indian Blew*,
By Helliſh Art well varniſh'd o'er, diſgrac'd
That nobler Stone with real Ore enchas'd;
The Pillars round, in twining Circles, grow
Dark *Polypode* with treach'rous *Miſletoe*,
Hen-bane and *Night-ſhade*, *Moon-wort*, *Aconite*,
And all ſuch Flowers as torpid Dreams excite.
The Canopy a monſt'rous *Fungus* made,
Whoſe dropping Verge and peſtilential Shade,
The rolling Snakes with vig'rous Poyſon feed,
Enflame their Luſts, and multiply their Breed.
The Foot-ſtool is a pond'rous *Marcaſite*,
Which ſhines and glitters in that dubious Light;
But the ſham Metal try'd in Chymick Fires,
Only in worthleſs Duſt and nauſeous Fumes expires.

Here

Here *Moderation* ſits enthron'd in State,
And round her all her frothy Courtiers wait;
A glorious Angel once, a ſpritely Flame,
By Sin unſully'd, and untouch'd by Shame,
With Joy ſhe paid her Lord his Praiſes due,
With Joy ſhe on his gracious Errands flew;
Her Services with heav'nly Favours bleſs'd,
And ſhe by all her happy Mates careſs'd,
'Till by rebellious *Lucifer* cajoll'd
From Heav'n, ſhe with the ruin'd Legions roll'd,
To this uncomfortable Cell confin'd,
Unleſs let looſe, when Providence deſign'd
To ſcourge the World, when Kings and Kingdoms feel
Convulſive Pangs, and tow'rd Confuſion reel.

So once the Fiend appear'd in Heav'n of old,
And *Iſrael's* Monarchs haſt'ning Fate foretold,
When all his Prophets Mouths deceitful ſhe
Engag'd to fill with Lies and Forgery.

Soft are her Looks, and languiſhing her Eyes,
Her bloomy Cheeks from lovely Dimples riſe;
Her Lips as ſcarlet ruddy, ſoft as Wooll,
Only her Mouth above Proportion full;
Her Hands of fineſt Shape and pureſt Hue,
But that her Nails like Vultures Pounces ſhew;

Her lower Part the gawdy Foot-ſtool rakes
With endleſs Volumes of engend'ring Snakes,
In Elve-Locks twiſted, ſo as ne'er to be
Undone by Mathematic Induſtry;
Within her Womb, as if by Art diſplay'd,
It open to diſcerning Eyes were laid,
A cloſe coil'd, hideous, vip'rous Litter grows,
Which the tranſparent Secundines diſcloſe,
Monſt'rous as *Dyer*'s ugly *Sooterkin*,
Num'rous as *Hutchinſon*'s prolific Sin,
Beſide what Heaps, unſeen by mortal Eye,
In the *Ovarium* unimpregnate lie,
Which quickly our unhappy Land will ſtore
With various Kinds of pois'nous Serpents, more
Than in their *Syrian*, or their *Lybian*, round
Moſes or *Cato*'s wand'ring Armies found.

A Royal Robe with rich Embroidery laid,
The Work emboſs'd on tiſſu'd Maſquerade,
Hangs from her Shoulders, and the *Barca* ſweeps
To which for Covert all the Litter creeps,
While Miſts which daily round their Parent riſe,
The *myſtic Kennel* hide from vulgar Eyes.

Around her Throne her *limber Court* appear,
And to her Will their pliant Counſels veer,

Each to their Queen their near Approaches make
On large *Boraccio*'s floating on the Lake,
Steer'd by their Feet dipt in that *Aſphaltite*,
Their *Clay* and *Iron* ſo conceal'd from Sight,
Each Wight behind him has his *Fav'rite Whore*,
True to himſelf as he to Heav'n before,
Who, from a fœtid ſubterranean Fire,
Their *heated* Lords with *mod'rate* Thoughts inſpire.
Belial was *Preſident*, who wheedl'd *Eve*
Her Zeal to do her Maker's Will to leave,
For a ſcarce probable Opinion, where
No Doubt could in her Lord's Commands appear,
To *moderate* her preſent Bliſs by Sin,
And loſt herſelf, to draw her Husband in;
Behind him *Job*'s diſcreet *Adviſer* ſits,
And with freſh Fraud ſupplies his waſting Wits.
Then *Cain*, for Moderation long renown'd,
Whoſe Charity with *Abel*'s *Blood* was crown'd;
Whoſe Gifts his Maker's Altars rarely preſs'd,
Whoſe pious Care no Prieſtly Portion dreſs'd;
Slow in Expence, and in Devotion cool,
The Atheiſt's *Saint*, the Devil's early *Tool*;
His Nephew *Lamech*'s left Hand Wife behind,
With ſoft Luke-warmneſs fill'd his half exhauſted Mind.

Next *Nebat*'s hopeful Iſſue fronts the Throne,
Much for his ſweet and healing Temper known,
Who, that he might his loving Subjects ſpare,
Forbade them *Salem*'s Sacrifice and Prayer.
The Walk, alas! was long, the Danger great,
While *David*'s Heirs poſſeſs'd the Regal Seat;
God could not be to one ſole Place confin'd,
No Walls, no Charms could hold unbounded Mind:
Groves or high Places his *Delights* might be,
Dear as the Temple's awful Majeſty.
He taught each Boor to manage *Aaron*'s Rod,
And ſhow'd how Calves might repreſent their God.
Calves were a gentle, harmleſs, uſeful Beaſt,
And much the Goodneſs of their Lord expreſt.
If 'twas an Error, God's anointed One,
Great *Aaron*, had the firſt Example ſhown,
And Miracles concurr'd in their Behalf,
In went the Gold, out leap'd the Golden Calf,
Thoſe pamper'd Prieſts were all moroſe and proud,
Above the Converſe of the humble Crowd;
But theſe in Academies ſhould be train'd,
And only as the People pleas'd, maintain'd;
So they'd both preach and practiſe what might pleaſe,
And they might run their happy Courſe at Eaſe.

Him *Jezebel*, that patching, painting Queen;
The first in that undecent Fashion seen,
Embrac'd; Lust, Murder was her constant Aim,
Yet she to Moderation made her Claim,
Unless some holdfast *Naboth* cross'd her Way,
Religion then must her Command obey.
The next great Counsellor of State appears,
He who affaid grave *Eleazer*'s Years;
Soft were his Words as Butter, smooth as Oil,
To make him from Heav'n's sacred Laws recoil,
And to prolong his now declining *Day*,
To throw Obedience and his Soul away,
Never could *Israel*'s God his Servants tie,
Rather than bow or eat for once, to die.
The Swine were made at first for human Use,
Then why should Man to eat their Flesh refuse,
To save their Lives? Or why should silver Hair,
All ting'd with Blood, to *Death*'s dark Shades repair?
Him *Parisatis*, *Persia*'s Pride attends,
Who *Life* and *Death* with such a Temper blends,
That while the envenom'd Knife the Bird divides,
The Eater's diff'rent Fates th' envenom'd Knife decides;
Next *Gallio*, once *Achaia*'s Pretor, floats,
Soft in his Temper, easy in his Votes;

He

He lets the Multitude in Tumults riſe,
And all Religion's dark Debates deſies.
Let Jews be zealous for expiring Laws;
Let Chriſtians plead their great Redeemer's Cauſe;
Let Pagans have a thouſand Gods for one;
Let Libertines and Atheiſts ſwear there's none,
He cares for nothing, may but *Cæſar* ſway
The *Roman* World, and all his Slaves obey.
Him the ſalacious *Meſſaline* cajoles,
Free of her Fleſh, as others of their Souls,
And pleads for Liberty of Luſt, as well
As thoſe who Liberty of Conſcience ſell.
The next Pretender, with a lofty Gate,
And haughty Air, aſſumes Imperial State,
The *Roman* Eagle in his Shield he bears,
A Javelyn thro' his Breaſt transfix'd appears;
This was that Man of wond'rous Parts and Senſe,
Who durſt Apoſtate from his Lord commence,
Who pure Religion and its Laws defy'd,
And to extirpate both, ſedately try'd.
He taught by Hell, the firſt Indulgence gave,
That ſtubborn Jews and Infidels might have
With faithful Chriſtians equal Liberty,
And both the Church's conſtant Teazers be:

He

He Heretics and Schiſmatics diſcharg'd
From pinching Laws, and all their Bounds enlarg'd,
And hop'd the ſeveral Sects, howe'er at odds,
Would to the Faithful prove afflictive Rods,
While he might once again exalt his uſeleſs Gods.
By ſuch vile Arts, in our corrupted Age,
Could Libertines their Princes Thoughts engage,
Too ſoon impos'd on, by a fond Pretence
To Charity, to root out all the Senſe
Of ſound Religion, and by *more* allow'd,
To loſe the Chriſtian in the motly Crowd.
With him, and on the ſame *Boraccio* rides
The fam'd *Lucilla*, and the Float beſtrides,
With Thoughts to Heaven, as that Apoſtate true,
Who with a Cloak of flaming Zeal in View,
Would, by *Diviſions* rais'd, the Church it ſelf ſubdue.
By him the *Arabian* Prophet ſhows his Head,
A Wretch to Violence and Falſhood bred;
Unlearn'd, ambitious, cruel, crafty, proud,
Yet fram'd by Nature to delude the Crowd;
His Head a Monk's Hood for a *Turban* crown'd,
His Loins a *Jewiſh Ephod* girded round;
He turn'd a-driſt the Chriſtian and his God,
And made the *Eaſt* attend his palſy'd Nod;

Indulgence

Indulgence was his canting wheadling Word,
Indulgence wholly by himſelf abhor'd,
Who forc'd his Dreams on all by dint of Sword.
The great *Irene*, ſhe whoſe fiery Zeal
Could her Son's Eyes in endleſs Darkneſs ſeal;
Darkneſs, thro' which the Sun's illuſtrious Ray
Could never ſhoot one Glympſe of cheerful Day:
The Prince i'th' Steps of Saints and Martyrs trod,
She of an Image wiſely made a God;
She to renew Idolatry, deſir'd
Muhamemd to the Regal Throne aſpir'd;
To Moderation both advanc'd their Claim,
And Irreligion was their mutual Aim;
So oft the heav'nly Virgin's hugg'd to Death,
While, *Hail, dear Madam*, fills the Traytor's Breath.

Next in the Preſence *Leiceſter*'s Count is ſeen,
Falſe to the State, and falſe to Church and Queen;
Who, ſweet good Man, for Moderation fam'd,
The Patronage of tender Conſcience claim'd:
He'd coaks a perſecuted factious Saint,
And could in vile fanatic Jargon cant;
His Cant was yet with monſt'rous Lewdneſs crown'd,
He deep in horrid Luſts and Vices drown'd;

His

His Wife diſpatch'd, he a Seraglio kept,
And tho' with Murder ſtain'd, ſecurely ſlept.
Behind him that laſcivious Counteſs got,
Who *Carr* and *Devereux* both to Ruin brought;
Like him for ſober Chaſtity admir'd,
Like him with Zeal for ſound Religion fir'd.
But ſee on that *Boraccio* fixt aſtride
An ill-ſhap'd Statеſ-man with an open Side,
Tapt to give Vent to his hydropic Brain,
Whence Spirit of Faction and Rebellion drain,
Apparent Heir to that damn'd *Florentine*,
Fam'd for unfathom'd Plot and dark Deſign;
In ev'ry Turn he'd have his certain Share
Adviſ'd with Cunning, and perform'd with Care;
Reſtleſs, revengeful, crafty, popular,
Talking of Peace, when meditating War;
Now all for arbitrary Government,
But ſoon on Property and Freedom bent;
He'd Conſcience now and Reformation preach,
But quickly Blood and Extirpation teach.
Portſmouth his Friend, that *French* bewitching Bait,
Our Nation's Peſt, and eaſy *Charles*'s Fate,
By home-bred Faction, as by *France* maintain'd,
She Liberty of Vice aud Conſcience gain'd.

But

But off as ſwift her ill-got Fortunes fly,
Loſt by the fatal Turn of the deciefful *Die*.
By theſe *G——n*, *S——s*, *C——r*, *G——y*,
W——n, and *M——n*, and *M——t* come in Play,
Warm for religious Moderation all,
In Vice they'd ne'er for Moderation call;
Guilty of *Sodom*'s and of *Salem*'s Crimes,
Plagues of our World, and Scandals of our Rhimes;
Baſſet and Ombre, Ganymedes and Whores
Make them exhauſt the Realm's and Nature's Stores;
Yet theſe the Watch-men are our Church to ſave,
Theſe can't the Conſcience or the Realms enſlave.
Such ſniv'ling Tools! Lord! when Poſterity
Shall their rank Names in future Records ſee,
Into theſe Stateſ-mens mighty Acts enquire,
How they'll our Ages Politics admire,
To ſee ſuch Wolves and Bears employ'd to keep
The faithful *Shepherds*, and their harmleſs *Sheep*!
One Mate alone this *Team* of Peers ſupply'd;
Hell could none fitter for their Turn provide:
A ſubtle Jade, ſprung from a *Beldam* Witch,
Fam'd for her griping and her luſtful Itch;
A ſcraping *D——s* of a ſparing *D——e*,
Whom Nature in her firſt *Deſign* miſtook,

Made him a Hero provident and brave,
Made him as Miſers, Money's ſordid Slave:
By this there hated moſt where moſt admir'd;
By that with dark ambitious Heat inſpir'd.
She once her Sovereign's Grace monopoliz'd,
But none would part with, 'till 'twas firſt excis'd.
The ſubtle Wanton no Occaſion ſlipt,
But from *Boraccio* to *Boraccio* skipt;
Now this, now that with eager Arms embrac'd,
And quickly back the ſelf ſame Circle trac'd;
As much as they the public Good deſir'd,
And all their Breaſts with Moderation fir'd,
She bade them ſtill for Moderation call.
So Golden Show'rs on all their Heads ſhould fall,
Each Patriot ſhould a happy *Midas* grow,
And all he touch'd that glorious Tincture ſhow;
For through-pac'd Politicians ne'er were known
To value public Int'reſt, but their own.
With theſe appears a big-bon'd *Northern* Prieſt,
With pliant Body, and with brawny Fiſt,
Whoſe weighty Blows the duſty Cuſhions thraſh,
And make the trembling Pulpit's Wainſcot craſh.
He th' Apoſtolic Order's Title claims,
But that the *Sc—h*-C—th Sleeves the Mitre ſhames:

A Wretch made up of ſpiteful Shams and Lies,
Who fills whole Reams with ugly Calumnies;
Writes brazen Legends of the ſacred Tribe,
But to the Libel dares no Name ſubſcribe:
Him Moderation as her Chaplain takes,
And he his Honours to her Highneſs makes.
No ranker *Tory* ever paſs'd the *Tweed*,
No City Air a ranker *Whig* could breed;
But Yeſterday he'd Non-Reſiſtance preach,
To Day Reſiſtance and Rebellion teach:
He our occaſional Conformiſts heads,
And for thoſe hypocritic Monſters pleads.
He bawls and lies, and vents his lewd Harangues,
But thro' the Rochet ſhows the Kirker's Fangs;
Forgets the rev'rend *Rheims*'s ſage Advice,
And ſets his Soul at an inferior Price;
Has all his Brother *Bob*'s true Paces got,
Is falſe, uneaſy, always in a Plot.
Among our very Peers he throws his Foam,
But breathes a Vein to cool himſelf at Home;
The Mitre's Scandal, and the Garter's Blot,
Fawning, yet hated by the true-born *Scot*;
The Laughing-Stock of ev'ry Party grown,
Deſpis'd by good Men, and belov'd by none.

His Right and Left has each a waiting Man,
An Atheiſt that, this a Republican;
That has a ſable Patch in Front impreſs'd,
To ſhow his Head with a ſoft Place is bleſs'd,
Black as that gloomy Prince whoſe Mask he wears,
Foul as that P—r whoſe Monument he rears:
Some ſay 'tis Silver underneath; ſome ſay
It's Braſs, tho' hidden from the Beams of Day;
A proud, aſpiring, factious, ſham Divine,
Fit to promote the Devil's worſt Deſign;
Values diſtinguiſh'd Senſe and Judgment more
Than heav'nly Grace i' th' pious humble Poor,
Tho' that diſtinguiſh'd Senſe and Judgment lie
Only in Lewdneſs, Dice, and Blaſphemy;
A Prieſt, who, for a hundred Pieces, dares
Revive the Tricks of old Idolaters;
Fix Whores and Rogues above the rolling Skies,
And Pathics, Rebels, Atheiſts canonize.
Should but the Poor believe him, they'd deſpair,
As wanting Judgment to aſſiſt their Care;
Should Kings or Lords believe him, they'd be damn'd,
And Hell with Coronets and Gartars cramm'd.
But at his Left's a literal Scarroon,
A Hooki-Locki-Gilli-Hobbi-Loon;

A crippl'd Politic of *Poliſh* Breed,
Who fain would have the *Weiſſel* meet the *Tweed*;
A Work as great as what the Czar's upon,
To make the mighty *Volga* join the *Done*.
He'd make the *Britons* love their Wealth and Peace,
Secure their Liberties, their Lands encreaſe,
Juſt as the *Poliſh Palatines* have done,
Since an Apoſtate Prince has bought the Throne;
Since *Swediſh Charles*, the bold *Kiavian*, crown'd,
And *S*——*y* for Faith and Truth renown'd,
In ſpite of ſolemn Oaths, on *Charles*'s Fall
Reſum'd his Royalty, and broke them all.
Such Happineſs our Politician fain
Would for our happy *Britiſh* Iſles obtain.
For this he makes the Populace his God,
And o'er our Monarch's ſhakes his Mobbiſh Rod;
Tells them they're on their good Behaviour all,
And may beneath their Subjects Juſtice fall.
If I conclude my Prince a Tyrant, tho'
His happy Realms his God-like Vertues know,
I'll be his Judge my ſelf, there reſts in me
Th' original Magazine of Majeſty,
And by his Ruins I'll more Glory gain,
Than he by num'rous Years, or by a gracious Reign.

He puts for Tail the Head, for Head the Tail,
But he who checks him juſtly, needs muſt rail,
Tho' he in ſofteſt calmeſt Terms diſſent,
And builds on ſober Senſe and ſolid Argument.

Lord, what a Bleſſing 'tis, when forward Boys
Turn Politicians, and what pure Decoys
Of ſuch our *Gadereniſh* Atheiſts make
When they ſome publick Miſchief undertake!
So when their *Aſapi* the *Turks* expoſe,
To blunt the Fury of their charging Foes,
O'er them, as o'er Faſcines, the Janizars
Paſs nimbly, ſcale the Walls, and finiſh half the Wars.

For him, as for that old malicious Bard,
Heav'n for their Crimes prepar'd a juſt Reward;
He blind, this crippl'd, both obdur'd in Sin,
As wretched both without, as tainted both within.

That good old Dame theſe Prieſts in common hold,
Who, at the Church's Pray'rs, was lifeleſs cold,
But with Enthuſiaſtic Heat enflam'd,
When *Gill* to Heav'n *extempore* declaim'd,
That cordial Doſe reviv'd her aged Heart,
Gave Life to all, and Life to ev'ry Part;
Death's grieſly Terrors ſhe no longer fear'd,
But roll'd herſelf on Heav'n, and dos'd and diſappear'd.

Such

Such Saints on Moderation's Court attend,
Adorn her Councils, and her Crown defend:
The airy Ghosts of those deceas'd were there,
The Living did like Witches Souls appear,
Where all in Triumph thro' the Midnight-sky,
The Hags on Broom-staves to their Meetings fly,
While their greas'd Bodies in a lifeless State,
For their returning Souls with stupid Patience wait.
The Queen with gracious Looks her Council view'd,
And briefly what they now were met for, shew'd.

My Lords, and you fair Dames so dear to me,
I here with wond'rous Satisfaction see
You know how, since the Truth we first assail'd,
We daily o'er the Christian Sect prevail'd:
We talk'd so much of Charity and Love,
So much for Kindness and Indulgence strove,
That, as the Corn by wicked Weeds o'erspread,
Faith, Love, Religion scarce could raise its Head,
And had we held uncheck'd our brave Career,
We'd left few Christians in another Year:
But now some Bigot Priests from Slumbers rous'd,
Have boldly their great Master's Cause espous'd;
Their Talk has Britain's *genuine Sons allarm'd,*
And with religious Zeal their Bosoms warm'd:

They've

They've trac'd, it ſeems, thro' all our dark Deſigns,
They've ſapp'd our Bulwarks, and diſclos'd our Mines;
Our Cauſe was baffl'd ſhamefully of late,
In ſpite of Managers, and all their Prate;
They're made a By-Name now for Knaves and Fools,
For ſenſeleſs Railers, and for Party-Tools;
One's rais'd perhaps to be more throughly damn'd,
With Blood his Throat, his Life with Curſes clamm'd:
But if theſe high-flown Prieſts purſue their Game,
Our Moderation ſoon will loſe its Name;
And with th' illuminated World 'twill be
Rank Atheiſm, and damn'd Hypocriſy.
Say then, muſt we like Chriſtian Fools believe?
Or can Addreſs our baffl'd Hopes retrieve?

She ſpoke. Loud Hiſſes round the Palace ran,
When, bowing low, thus *Nebat*'s Son began:

Great Empreſs, equal to the Sun for Age,
Whoſe vaſt Experience, and whoſe Judgment ſage,
Runs thro' Things preſent, paſs'd, and Things to come,
Offspring of Satan's *Loins, and* Hattae's *Womb,*
While we're protected by your ſov'reign Care,
O! let us never of Succeſs deſpair!
We've Ways and Means, and ready Hands and Hearts,
Our Cauſe will live, if we perform our Parts.

Black

Black were the Days, when Iſrael's *curſed Race,*
From all diſtinguiſh'd by peculiar Grace,
With Amram's, Nave's, *and* Jephannetri's *Son;*
Their Settlements in Canaan's *Land begun.*
Thoſe rigid Sires would ne'er indulge the Weak,
Nor ſettl'd Laws for fancy'd Conſcience break,
But made them all one Way one Lord adore,
Submit to Aaron's *Sons, or be no more.*
But off at laſt that long uneaſy Yoke,
Time, Cunning, Friends, and lucky Junctures broke;
While we like ſavage Brutes in Foreſts ran,
Fearleſs of Laws, fearleſs of God and Man,
Till Hannaſhi's *Sons thoſe rigid Rules renew'd;*
Great Kings before his God in Pieces hew'd;
Made God's Anointed tremble, and the Crowd
Proclaim his vertuous Deeds and Words aloud:
Nor was he quiet in the ſilent Grave,
But from the Deep his dreadful Anſwers gave.
David, *that Gyant-quelling, fiddling King,*
Play'd always on the ſame unpleaſing String.
He gave us new Liturgic Forms and Rights,
Join'd to Devotion Muſic's ſoft Delights;
But to the Tabernacle-Worſhip ſtill
Made all conform with, or againſt their Will.

His peaceful Son that wond'rous Temple rais'd,
Alike for Majesty and Beauty prais'd,
Where Wealth and Art in vast Profusion strove
To work Astonishment, and purchase Love.
He too would not, for he was stedfast long,
With Liberty of Conscience court the Throng,
'Till charming Wives and Concubines at last
Subdu'd his Heart, and held the Dotard fast;
Each had her Chappel then, and each her God,
And each her Chaplain to attend her Nod.
The Mob soon waver'd in their Loyalty,
Set thus from strict Religion's Fetters free;
Each Princess made her Friends and Slaves comply.
This I observ'd; and tho' I ne'er durst try
While that long-headed Monarch held the Reins,
To shock his Crown, or break my servile Chains,
Yet when th' old Prophet taught my Thought to soar,
And his weak Son the Royal Purple wore,
I all with Hopes of Liberty enflam'd,
'Till me their Head and King ten Tribes proclaim'd,
I took the Crown my Rebel Friends bestow'd,
All Complaisance to my Creators show'd;
Took it on lower Terms than David's *Heir,*
And left the Crowd in Royalty their Share.

I treated all in the familiar Stile,
Wept when they wept, and when they laugh'd could ſmile.
I ſet them from the Temple Service free,
And th' Impoſition of their Liturgy;
My Golden Calves in Dan *and* Bethel *ſet,*
That they might Gods inviſible forget;
Ty'd them to nothing yet, but left them all
To bow to th' Calves, to Moloch, *or to* Baal;
Set Men but free from ſound Religion's Tie,
It's Gain, not Conſcience, keeps up Loyalty:
He who forſakes his God, will quickly bring
His Diſpoſition to deſert his King.
I gain'd this Point; and tho' ſome ſlaviſh Tools
Of Levi's *Tribe, and other hot-brain'd Fools,*
By ſome ſtrange ſelf-denying Thoughts inſpir'd,
Went off, and to their former Chains retir'd.
This hurt me not; I ſeiz'd their Lands and Dues,
But that I might the thick-skull'd Rout amuſe,
With pious Shows I conſtituted ſoon
New Herds of Prieſts. As when the Sun at Noon
His Beams on ſome prolific Dung-hill ſpends,
Which up next Day the Muſhroom Harveſt ſends;
So by my Warmth from ev'ry Dung-hill grew
A rev'rend, blockiſh, temporizing Crew,

Fit for my great Designs at ev'ry Turn,
To fawn or threaten, to indulge or burn,
Who'd high for Liberty of Conscience preach,
And Obstinacy in Rebellion teach.
Such pliant Arts secur'd the Crown to me,
I thought but little of Posterity.
It's true, Fate gave me once a dreadful Blow,
By fierce Abijam; *yet his Sword and Bow*
Empty return'd with small Success at last:
I got a Kingdom, and I held it fast:
What serv'd the Turn of old, may serve it now,
If we but with that Kind of Cattel plow.
With us a Church's Face appear'd no more,
Some few, perhaps, might Jacob's *God adore;*
But none at all best pleas'd the Multitude,
The rest a thousand various Ways pursu'd.
As Savages the Woods and Mountains range,
And when they please their Walks and Pastures change,
They down to Day to Calves or Moloch *fall;*
The next to Dagon, *or to thund'ring* Baal.
I by such bold Atchievements purchas'd Fame,
And in our Records left a glorious Name.
Moses *first gave them Laws,* Saul *taught them War,*
Religions Rites were tuneful David's *Care;*

His

His Son was for that wond'rous Dome renown'd,
His Reign with Peace, his Head with Wiſdom crown'd;
I did what all your Creatures glory in;
I was the Man who taught them firſt to ſin.

He ſaid. The Princeſs, with a gracious Smile,
Approv'd his Tale, and his Imperial Stile;
And tho' ſome were with inward Envy ſtung,
The Vault with hoarſe applauding Murmurs rung.

Then *Julian* thrice his ſhuffling Shoulders ſhrugg'd;
Threw up his Noſe, and thrice *Lucilia* hugg'd;
His Beard ſtrok'd down, his Looks at Random ran,
When he with comical Grimace began.

Great Queen, joint Sov'reign of the World with me,
Admir'd by all the Sons of Liberty,
Goddeſs whom all the ſenſeful World adore,
Whoſe Favour all the ſenſeful World implore,
This circumcis'd, it's true pretended high,
But all his Feats in narrow Compaſs lie,
Where all beneath the Ceremonial Load,
Oppreſs'd, prepar'd to abdicate their God;
But had he dar'd to ſacrifice a Swine,
They'd ſoon return'd again to David's *Line.*

But Mary's *Son, of livelier Metal made,*
A noble Scheme for vaſt Atchievements laid;

And

And that he might the gazing World ſubdue,
Made all his Slaves the likelieſt Arts purſue;
He bury'd all their pompous Rights and Shows,
As uſeleſs ſince himſelf, their Shilo *roſe.*
He liv'd in ſuch a ſeeming Innocence,
At him no envious Eyes could take Offence;
He drew his Pedigree from Heav'n above,
His Talk was Peace, and all his Motions Love;
Strange Miſts he caſt before deluded Eyes,
Thro' which they ſaw prodigious Phantoms riſe
In Heav'n, on Earth, in rolling Seas and Air,
No Art could break the far extended Snare;
The Sick, the Lame, the Blind, the Deaf, the Dead,
As if reviv'd, his wond'rous Glory ſpread.
His Emiſſaries mere Meckanicks all,
Except that high-nos'd Galilean Paul,
Yet follow'd him, they knew not how nor why,
But when he call'd, could neither ſtay nor fly.
The Magic his bewitching Tongue retain'd,
Their captive Ears to his Diſcourſes chain'd;
Whate'er thoſe Blockheads talk'd, the Crowd admir'd,
And thought them all with Languages inſpir'd,
That weighty Oracles fell from the Sky,
If they but let their various Gabble fly.

The very Prieſts of all the Gods beſide,
In Philoſophic Speculations try'd;
The Men of Senſe and Wit were all amaz'd,
Their Parts, their Senſe, their Learning ſtunn'd and craz'd;
They nothing could to what they heard reply,
And nothing could of what they ſaw deny;
Such heavy Miſts hung o'er their clouded Eyes,
As made them too their Senſes ſacrifice
To Mary's *Son, while the ſly Carpenter*
Got more by Tricks, than Rome *e'er got by War;*
And tho' t' his Slaves that Cheat ſuch Pow'r aſſign'd,
As kill'd the Body, and oppreſs'd the Mind;
Tho' Fate that hypocric Couple ſeiz'd
At Peter's *Word, and angry* Dæmons *teas'd*
Whom thoſe Deceivers cenſur'd; and tho' none
Could break their Peace, but quickly loſt his own.
Such Rigors, tho' their Diſcipline betray'd,
As Amram's *Sons on* Iſrael *never laid;*
You know yet, Madam, with what ſtrange Succeſs
Thoſe Bigots preach'd; in what a charming Dreſs
Their mutual Love, as from their Doctrine rais'd,
Appear'd, as much approv'd as duly prais'd;
And with ſuch wond'rous Love their Boſoms fir'd,
As all Mankind, nay, I my ſelf admir'd.

This rais'd them Trophies o'er the conquer'd World,
And to their Feet the fiercest Nations hurl'd.
It's true, our former Cæsar's *oft have try'd*
By Fire and Sword to stem the Christian Tide;
To root out that Impostor's Name they strove,
And offer'd Christian Hecatombs to Jove,
But lost their Honours, as they lost their Pains;
As new-mow'n Fields, refresh'd with fruitful Rains,
Bring but the thicker Crop; so where one dy'd,
A thousand streight the Martyrs Room supply'd;
Where'er a Persecution once began,
To Racks, Wheels, Fires, Men, Women, Children ran.
At last the curs'd Infection reach'd the Throne,
And wanton Constantine *himself was one;*
For when he sweat with Guilt's unweildy Load,
And heard the Christians was an easy God,
That if he could but stoutly thump his Breast,
Weep off some Crimes, and wash away the rest
With Water conjur'd by some mumbling Priest,
He'd be from Guilt and Pain at once dismist.
He too the crucify'd Impostor own'd,
And him above our greatest Gods enthron'd,
And ty'd us up by such imperious Laws,
That Mary's *Son had almost gain'd his Cause,*

Had

Had not bold Arrius *first attack'd the Fort,*
And Favour gain'd in that believing Court;
'Till weak Conſtantius, *with his Whimſies pleas'd*
The free ſoul'd World from legal Rigors eas'd.
This Management their Superſtition ſhock'd,
And all Mankind at their Diviſions mock'd.
Their Love and Diſcipline now cooler grew,
Their Zeal abated, and their Friends were few.
I took the Hint, and ſoon contriv'd the way
To make their mutual Jars their Cauſe betray.
I farther loos'd their rigid Gardian Laws,
The beſt Defences of themſelves and Cauſe.
Then kindly call'd their angry Exiles home;
Aſſur'd, that with revengeful Thoughts they'd come;
Sent for, diſcours'd them, bad them live in Peace,
Believe and practice what themſelves ſhould pleaſe:
Told them, no Burden I'd on Conſcience lay,
But each might ſerve his God a ſeveral way.
As Titius *ruffl'd with a Northern Blaſt,*
Catch'd up his Cloak and rap'd it round him faſt,
But ſcorch'd with Sun-ſhine from a ſultry Sky,
Threw off his Cloak, and let his Veſtments fly;
So Perſecution, when it rak'd them round,
The Chriſtian Tribes in Love and Union bound:

When Liberty's warm Beams about them ſhone,
Their Love diſſolv'd, and all the Peace was gone.
I underſtood their Tempers well, and knew
No Britiſh *Maſtives with more Fierceneſs flew*
On Sythian *Bears, than Party-Men would charge*
Each other with, when ſet from Laws at large;
No ſavage Creatures more outrageous are
Than Heads of Factions in a Conſcience-War.
You, Madam, ſaw; and ſaw with much Delight
My Methods to confound the Fools were right:
I hop'd by Fineneſs to effect the reſt,
But they ſtill worry'd one another beſt.
Divide and Conquer! Friends divided may
With eaſe become the firſt Aggreſſor's Prey.
Divide and Conquer! To divide them try,
You'll ſpeed beſure: So Cæſar *found and I.*
Mars, Phœbus, Jove, *Mob-Gods, my Soul deny'd,*
As much as him by Pilate *crucify'd.*
And tho' the hungry Dæmons gladly fed
On Snow-white Bullocks on their Altars laid,
Such Victims to ſuch Gods were Banter all,
But ſerv'd to make my working Thoughts recal
Their firſt Deſign; and had I e're return'd
From Perſia *ſafe, the Chriſtian Crouds had mourn'd,*

Their white-robe'd Tribe in bloody heaps had dy'd,
Their Fanes been ruin'd, and their Faith defy'd.
Fate cut me ſhort, Fate broke my vaſt Deſign,
This Method yet their Zeal may countermine.
Fate may grant other Lives a longer Stretch
To finiſh that of which I give the Sketch.

He ſpake. The Dame approv'd his Conduct well,
And gave him ſtreight a warmer Place in Hell;
His fine Harangue with Smil's *Lucilla* crown'd,
And Serpents hiſs'd his full Applauſes round.

The next that open'd, was that three-nam'd Lord,
That Man ſo worthy, that its on Record,
The rough-hewn *Poles*, that wiſe and peaceful State,
Who can their Kings of any Stuff create,
Deſign'd to offer him their worthleſs Crown,
As Fools believ'd about the thoughtleſs Town.
With wheadling Leer the leaky Wight began,

We 've heard, Great Madam! that Illuſtrious Man,
Whoſe Wit, whoſe Learning, and whoſe Empire large,
Made him the hardeſt Task with eaſe diſcharge.
Had's Life but been extenſive as his Soul,
'T had baniſh'd all the Gods from Pole to Pole.
But we, confin'd within a narrower Sphere,
Have been both active and ſucceſsful there.

You know that Paradiſe of the Weſtern Main,
Which War-like Cæſar once attack'd in vain;
And had the ſecond time as vainly try'd,
But that his Arts could Clan from Clan divide.
Our Iſland's with a thouſand Beauties bleſs'd,
And by an ancient Martial Race poſſeſs'd.
That high-flown Galalean *reach'd us firſt,*
And preach'd up Chriſt: Succeeding Biſhops nurſi'd
A ſucking Church, 'till Goſpel gain'd the Field,
And made the Croud of Gods to Jeſus *yield.*
When thro' the World at firſt that Goſpel flew,
It gave Offence, becauſe ſevere and new;
But quickly ſuch prodgious Changes made,
As all unruly Nature's Heats allay'd;
Made Children, Subjects, Servants, tho' before
Fools, Rebels, and unskill'd in Virtue's Lore
All ſoft, and tame, and all Obedience grow.
Such Fumes narcotic from that Goſpel flow,
That when it touch'd their Brains, tho' coarſly us'd,
Deliv'rance they by Rebel Arts refus'd;
Laid down their Lives, when e'er to Sufferings call'd,
Their Laws, tho' much by barbarous Tyrant gall'd.
They ſcorn'd our mighty Patriots zealous Aid,
Nay, ſcorn'd a Pardon too, unleſs convey'd

By Loyal Hands; for ſo their Lord commands,
And ſo it ſtill in Goſpel-Rubric ſtands:
And tho' to me ſuch Tales meer Flams appear,
I think my ſelf ſome time have found it there.
This Carriage all their old Defenders plead,
And ſtill in their Apologies we read
This Carriage ev'ry Perſecution prov'd,
When tho' they ſuffer'd, ſtill they ſerv'd and lov'd,
And this at laſt their Ev'mies reconcil'd,
And on ſuch Subjects Ethnic Princes ſmil'd;
But Chriſtian Monarchs all ſuppoſe they found
Moſt Loyalty the ſteadieſt Chriſtians crown'd.
Our Altars hence the Crowns Protection gain'd,
Biſhops and Kings each others Rights maintain'd.
I and my Mates that Gordian Knot deſery'd
Which them and Kings ſo cloſe together ty'd.
We ſaw where Biſhops Non-Reſiſtance preach'd,
And Men believ'd, no Patriot e're impeach'd
The Throne, nor long'd-for Liberties obtain'd,
Where ever ſuch enſlaving Doctrines reign'd.

But we new Notions into th' Croud inſtill'd,
With Doubts and Fears their Perſuaſions fill'd:
We talk'd of proper Liberty and Laws,
And ſeem'd to undertake the Subjects Cauſe.

We taught that Kings from them derive their Power,
Reign while they please, and when they please must scower:
That Monarchs in their Hearts are Tyrants all,
And as Occasion serves to Practice fall;
Would Laws by arbitrary Power controul,
Un-nerve the Body, and enslave the Soul.
Tell them, that to resist the Prince's Will,
Would all the Measures of the Damn'd fulfil;
They'd reign, but not by us, but Right Divine;
Talk of Succession and the Regal Line,
To whom the Government of Right is due,
To which they must, to 'scape from Hell, be true.
We taught, that Subjects on their Guard should be
Against th' Encroachments of their Tyranny,
Summon their Kings before their Justice Bar;
Oppose their Violence by Force and War;
Their own superior Power to Kings assert;
Their own Commissions 'gainst themselves pervert;
Depose, destroy, and banish all the Race,
And all the Trophies of their Reigns deface:
For Self-defence is fixt by Nature's Laws,
And Patriots get the wiser World's Applause;
And in Defence of publick Liberty
It's brave and meritorious both to die.

Kings were for Servants, not for Lords design'd,
By Contract call'd Original confin'd,
And muſt with Faith their publick Truſt diſcharge,
Nor ramble o'er the Fence of Laws at large,
Which when they break, we no Obedience owe,
But may the Crown, where e'er we pleaſe beſtow.
Thus went our World, when various Jealouſies
Between the King and Subject ſeem'd to riſe;
The King ſome Diſcontent in Looks deſcry'd,
Where Joys and Peace in Triumph us'd to ride;
He found Complaints of Grievances were loud,
In cloſe Cabals, and in the greater Croud:
Seditions would in Inſurrections end,
And growing Dangers at a diſtance kenn'd:
He ſaw how ſoon a thouſand Sects could join,
New Grievances, new Priveledges coin.
Frame new Diſtruſt, forge new Demands of Right,
And all againſt the Prince and Prieſt unite.
And he, nay we our ſelves, in Conſcience knew
The Church alone could to the Crown be true.
The King by ſuch ſeditious Pranks alarm'd,
With prudent Care the buſy Sects diſarm'd;
This bred ill Blood the more, as firſt deſign'd,
Mov'd buſy Fools to ev'ry Change inclin'd.

The

The whole Sectarian Tribe at once engag'd,
Some half-fac'd Church-Men on their ſide engag'd:
Then Johnſon *loud the Faction's Trumpet blew,*
And to his Lure the giddy Parties drew;
Johnſon, *that Godleſs Bouteſeau of State;*
Johnſon, *the noble* Ruſſel's *haſty Fate;*
Johnſon, *beſt known by* Julian's *worthy Name,*
The glorious Rival of his Parts and Fame.
Now Plots grew thick, and dark Conſpiracies,
The Mob were ſhamm'd with Dreams, or ſcar'd with Lies;
They ſwallow'd all that Scot *or I could vent,*
And ev'ry Tale blew up their Diſcontent.
The Crown and Croſs they, taught by us, defy'd,
No Popery! no Slavery! they cry'd,
When neither Maſs nor ſlaviſh Chains were near,
Poſſeſs'd and hurry'd on by cauſleſs Fear,
The Butting Doctor with a Changeling's Grace,
Left High-Church Trot, and fell to Johnſon's *Pace.*
A noble Soul, irregularly Great,
In Treaſons dipp'd by us beyond Retreat.
Touch'd with Remorſe for baſe Ingratitude,
To Royal Charles *the ſoft, the kind, the good,*
Did Juſtice on himſelf, the Caſe ſo plain,
None doubted it, but Fools or Knaves in grain.

Here-

Hereditary melancholy dreſs'd
In boding Thoughts an honeſt Knight oppreſs'd;
Hell quickly took the black Diſtemper's part,
And thruſt his Sword quite thro' his woeful Heart;
His Carcaſe was in ſuch a Poſture found
So ſtiff his Joynts, ſo home, ſo plac'd his Wound,
That 'twas impoſſible another Hand
But his alone, ſhould ſo the Sword command.
Theſe Tragic Tales might Grief and Horror move
In all the Sons of Innocence and Love;
But we, obdur'd to Pity, only made
Their Fate a Covert for our plotting Trade;
We made them murder'd by the Popiſh Crew,
And of the Fact, a ſenceleſs Model drew;
And had our Knights impreſs'd to ſwear at large,
What e'er we pleas'd on any Wretch to charge:
Not that we car'd tho' Rome *or* Mecca *reign'd,*
Provided none the Chriſtian Rule maintain'd.
We knew an Act if Popiſh call'd, the Name
Would all the hair-brain'd Multitude enflame;
That, that poor ſilly Mob were ſoon deceiv'd,
Who once the blowing up the Thames *believ'd,*
That Troops of Horſe diſguis'd in Cellars lay
Prepar'd to make the burning Town their Prey;

That hang'd distracted Hubert like a Dog,
As if h' had been a Popish burning Rogue.
They'd soon believe a Tribe inur'd to Blood,
Might be by Priests, on Knight, or Lord, halloo'd;
Would ne'er consider Possibilities,
Nor what Absurds, from their Suppose, would rise.
But when the Rumour had its Course begun,
Like the Scotch Itch, it thro' the Nation run;
And when it once incurable was grown,
They claw'd themselves, but always scratch'd the Crown.
More Hurt we've this way to Religion done,
Than Julian ever could, or Nebat's Son:
Subjects no Subjects grew, but all in Heart
Were Rebels, or would take the Rebels part;
They'd now no Faith, no due Obedience pay,
But on Prerogative and Empire prey.
The Reformations Honour, which alone
Christs Faith supported, and the Christian Throne,
Now wounded, bleeding, fainting, dying lay;
No Kings could govern now, no States obey.
Kings grew severe, and jealous of their Crowns,
Sparing of Smiles, but lavish of their Frowns:
They thought Religion all Hypocrisy,
Since fiery Zealots could such Traytors be:

And such as rail'd at Popery, yet to Rome,
To point their Goads, and edge their Plow-Shares, come.
Thus were Obedience and Protection loſt,
Subjects their Kings, and Kings their Subjects croſs'd;
Religious Sects, the Church's Veſtments tore,
But thoſe of no Religion yet were more
Than all their Sects; but wiſely crept beneath
Their Wings, and Conſcience quickly ſtung to Death.
There now Religion's but an empty Name,
Robb'd of its brighter Spirit and purer Flame:
But thoſe who have its Strength and Subſtance loſt,
Quarrel, diſpute, contend about it moſt.
Some few, of Virtue ſtaunch, and Life ſevere,
Still for Religion's ancient Rules appear;
But thoſe who dub themſelves the Saints elect,
The Pure, the Holy, and themſelves erect
Into diſtinguiſh'd Bodies; thoſe we ſee
The Non-pareils of damn'd Hypocriſy:
Falſe as their Sire, the Devil, but fooliſh too,
The clumſy Tools, with which our Feats we do,
Yet club, cabal, and canvas Matters ſo,
As if their Judgments very far might go:
So Punchenello *moves by unſeen Wyres,*
Speaks when we ſpeak, and when we ceaſe expires.

Thus to our wiſh we've chang'd Britannia's *Face,*
And Faith and Morals branded with Diſgrace:
B——t's *Theology, and* Dolman's *Law,*
Keep Homilies and Statutes both in Awe.
For theſe our Men of Moderation plead,
Our S——m's, K——t's, H——y's *intercede,*
Our W——t's *and* G——t's, Tr—l's, T—t's, W—s,
Our Luke-warm Clergy, and our Lay-Lord Rakes.
Our vicious Race in due Succeſſion reign,
The preſent C——ns, P—ts, *and* P—rs *maintain*
Our Notions: And pretending much to Peace,
Give to the Seed we ſow'd, a vaſt Increaſe.
Nor can Great ANNA *ſtem the raging Tide,*
Or her meek Soul, keep down their vicious Pride:
On the curs'd Age, her bright Example's loſt,
Her better Hopes, and kind Intendments croſs'd.
The mighty Louis *to her Arms may yield,*
His veteran Troops to hers may quit the Field.
But bolder Vice deſies her Arts and Arms,
Out-braves her Forces, and out-ſtands her Charms:
And, Madam, where your Name prevails ſo far,
Virtue to Vice is no ſufficient Bar,
And Falſhood Truth purſues in a victorious War.

He ſaid. And from the vaulted Arches round
A tripple Tire of hiſſing Snakes reſound,
When from his Side the Tap looſe *Belial* drew,
And out a Flood of Rebel Waters flew.
It broke from thence with ſuch a factious Blaſt,
As ſhock'd the Throne, the Lake's black Surface caſt
Into a ſwelling Billow rolling high,
And made the ſtrongly moor'd *Boraccios* ply.
The Snakes were huſh'd, the Women's Murmurs laid,
And thro' the Vault a diſmal Silence made;
From his broach'd Side, quite thro' the puzzling Gloom,
An unſeen Legion ſhot a-thwart the Room,
With new Supplies repleniſh'd, every Breaſt
A Spirit of deviliſh Policy poſſeſt.
Streight Revolution-Principles inſpir'd,
The whole Cabal, and all to Action fir'd;
The very Dead long'd to reviſit Earth,
To give new State and Church Convulſions Birth.
So when Heav'n's irreſiſtible Command,
From Legions Breaſt diſcharg'd the deviliſh Band;
Their Habitation by his Leave tranſferr'd,
The out-caſt Devils ſurpriz'd the grunting Herd;
But when they'd once the whining Brutes poſſeſt,
Such Inmates could not let their Harbourers reſt,

'Till

Till from the steepy Rocks they headlong rush'd,
And all their raging Crys the mighty Waters hush'd.
The Queen survey'd him with that wheedling Smile,
With which her Agents easy Fools beguile;
Soft *Caravan* with fond Embraces hugg'd
Her Hero, and again the Vent-hole plugg'd,
Least, by too large Evacuation, he
Should a mere Bankrupt prove in Policy.
Old *Jeroboam*, and great *Julian* both,
That perfect Statesman view'd with Envy, loth
That such a tiny Lord the Bell should bear,
A crownless Head the glorious Lawrel wear:
B——t, who living with his Sidesmen came,
When call'd in *Moderation*'s pow'rful Name;
Who, while he keeps o'th' *Southern* side of *Tine*,
Is safe from Boot and Thumkin Discipline;
But on the *Northern* side so throughly known,
He'd there wear any Shape beside his own.
He glanc'd at Tony oft with Looniſh Leer,
Nor could the Praise of his Atchievements bear;
He'd let no Brother Lay-man exercise;
But sucking Poison from his Sidesmens Eyes,
Scarce patient, while the doughty Tony spoke,
He thus with *Scottish* Grace his Silence broke:

Madam,

Madam, if to destroy, if to confound
The Church or State, must be with Praises crown'd,
I scorn to yield to any two-legg'd Lord,
Since what my Merits are, my Works record.

When first in better Times I cross'd the Tweed,
I was by Fate to Prelacy decreed;
A High-land Wierd, for second Sight renown'd,
Had seen my Head with Cap and Mitre crown'd.
Brim-full of Loyalty to Court I came,
And Non-Resistance did aloud proclaim;
But when, ingrateful I, my Patron stung,
Who warm'd me first, and from his Bosom flung,
Was known at Court; I Courtship streight began
To Tony *here, and all the canting Clan;*
That Tribe which murmur'd in the softest Reign,
And could, when all the World was pleas'd, complain.
I got to visit Goals, and sick Beds leave,
Not to prepare, but harden and deceive,
Chop Logic with a dying Penitent,
And hinder dangerous Truth from getting Vent
In those last Hours, when Conscience rous'd, begins
To force Confession of our latent Sins,
But Plots defeated, and the plotting Fools
Gerning in Hempen Ruffs, I broke the Rules,

Made

Made to Geneva *first, and thence to* Rome;
And there contriv'd unhappy James's *Doom:*
My Arts the Jesuits themselves beguil'd,
And Innocent *and* Orange *reconcil'd;*
Made Rome *a Protestant Succession own,*
And Rome *a zealous Catholic dethrone.*
I knew old Spencer's *dark Designs, and I*
Gave Aim to his ingrateful Treachery.
My Pamphlets thro' the grumbling Nation flew,
And all into a sudden Ferment threw.
Since Charles *and* James *could my Ambition slight,*
I found Nassau *would do my Merits right.*
Had James *stood fast, I'd been an Out-law still;*
If William, *I some wealthy See might fill;*
William *the Sceptre, I the Mitre gain'd;*
He o'er the Nation, I the Junto *reign'd;*
And as I'd help'd to overturn the State,
I now resolv'd the British *Church's Fate;*
That happy Church, Religion's best Support,
The Glory of the Country and the Court;
For Revolution-Principles alike
At Christian Faith and Christian Practice strike.
I then became your Votary profest,
Stood for Indulgence, and against the Test;

What

What turn'd out James, *and was ſuppos'd a Sin,*
We rebaptiz'd, to let Great William *in;*
I nam'd it Love of Unity and Peace,
A happy Reſtauration and Increaſe
Of God's Dominion over Conſcience; all
Which Hypocritic Sectaries let fall
When they their Prince of all his Kingdoms ſhamm'd,
And down his Throat their fulſome Flatt'ries cramm'd.
Theſe, I again, with more Succeſs could join,
And make my Copper *paſs for* Silver *Coin.*
When ſome true Patriots with a factious Zeal,
Would needs our Anti-Chriſtian Tricks reveal,
And to exclude from public Truſts, deſign'd
Falſe Hearts to deep Hypocriſy inclin'd;
Who could ſometimes to God, *ſometimes to* Baal,
With bending Knees, and Adorations fall.
I ſaw this ſtruck at Moderation's Root,
That Truth and Peace would be the glorious Fruit;
That ſound Religion, would new Charms acquire,
And ev'ry Soul with Heav'nly Flames inſpire.
The Britiſh *Church would grow like* Cynthia, *fair,*
When her full Face clears up the Midnight Air;
Bright as the Orbit of the glorious Sun,
When half the Gyants wond'rous Race is run,

And terrible as Veteran Armies are,
Marching with flying Banners towards the War:
But none would then, that hated Church, divide,
If all Preferment went o'th' Church's ſide.
If Godlineſs would bring no certain Gain,
They'd throw it up, and to the Church retain.
Fools by the Chaff of Profit may be caught,
But none will venture to be damn'd for naught.
That I might ſuch a croſs-grain'd Law diſcharge,
Our Noble Peerage I harangu'd at large;
I prais'd Occaſional-Conformity,
And ſhew'd, how, when I ſtroul'd thro' Europe, I,
When at Geneva, *with their Modes comply'd,*
Not how at Rome *I took the* Roman *ſide;*
Took up, that I might Popiſh *Gulls convert,*
A Jeſuit's Habit, and a Jeſuit's Heart:
But that paſs'd by, I with a well-ſcrew'd Face,
With brandiſh'd Arms, and Caledonian *Grace,*
Shew'd them how much the Church would Gainer be
By ſuch Occaſional-Conformity;
That by't Diſſenters grew, by ſwift Degrees,
Fond of our Biſhops, and of Liturgies;
Of their dividing Practices aſham'd,
And from dividing Principles reclaim'd;

Quit

Quitted their Conventicles; went to Church,
And left their canting Leaders in the Lurch;
Pull'd down their Huts, diſſolv'd that Fund of old,
Deſign'd their tender-conſcienc'd Cubs t' uphold;
That where the Godly were but poor and few,
That Fund might feed and cloth th' adventuring Crew;
That thus the Britiſh *Church would quickly be*
Bleſs'd with a Covenant-Uniformity.
I prov'd Church-Prayers ſhould be unforc'd and free,
Whether by Forms, or all Ex tempore.
I lik'd the firſt, but a more rapturous Mind
Could never bear to be to Words confin'd:
That an old Woman once accepted mine
Before the Book, tho' built by Hands Divine;
That 'twas more cordial to her aged Heart,
Than Ratafie, cold Tea, or vin-de-Garde:
That 'twas a bloody perſecuting Bill,
Which forc'd a Man to Heaven againſt his Will;
Which robb'd Diſſenters of their native Rights,
And Church and State, of Fools and Hypocrites,
Whoſe Bodies, Swords, and Purſes went as far
As better Mens, in carrying on the War.
I bragg'd how I by Books, and Service done,
Had ſhrewdly ſhock'd the Antichriſtian Throne;

Laid the Diſſenter's Errors fairly down,
Their Crimes againſt the Britiſh *Church and Crown;*
That their warm Temper puſh'd them on ſo faſt,
Give them but Rope, they'd hang themſelves at laſt:
And were but Peace to Europe *once reſtor'd,*
I'd to the Bill my ſacred Vote afford.
This Talk brought o're the Cambrian *Prophet, drunk*
With Revelation, *and* Virginia *Funk:*
This taught the new Pen-feather'd Mitred Tribe,
And made them all to my Advice ſubſcribe.
This the Leviathan *of* L——th *took,*
Who quickly gorg'd the double-pointed Hook.
Thus we Religion, Truth, and Church betray'd,
When Lords and Commons would have lent them Aid:
And, Madam, were not theſe Atchievements great?
Or muſt I ſtill my glorious Acts repeat?
When bold Sacheverell *baffl'd all our Spite,*
And foil'd our Champions in unequal Fight;
And ſpoke more Truth and Senſe in one ſhort Hour,
Than all our Managers in twenty four:
But who as Scolds could rail, as Vixens threape,
And quickly grew as ſtinking Cods-Heads cheap,
When England *turn'd their Prate to ridicule,*
And Manager meant only Knave or Fool.

I freely undertook the good old Cauſe,
Defy'd at once divine and human Laws:
Oppos'd our Scriptures, Prayer-Books, Homilies,
What e'er with Revolution diſagrees:
Quite off thoſe High-Church Principles I flung,
On Revolution, Revolution hung.
For when weak James, *by* Spencer's *Arts betray'd,*
Some Breaches on the Conſtitution made,
And was perſwaded that with Eaſe he might
I'th' Britiſh *Iſles, reſtore the* Papal *Right;*
And would he but exert his Royal Power,
His Rod would ſoon the Rebel Snakes devour.
Succeſs I knew would work a wond'rous Change,
And ſtrange Diſcoveries have Events as ſtrange;
If Fire and Faggot had been once begun,
To Maſs our tender Conſciences had run;
They lov'd to read old Fox's *Martyrs well,*
Their Courage could with Satisfaction tell;
With Horror view the Martyrs Funeral Pile,
And Papiſts, *and their Cruelties revile:*
Yet ſooner than they'd for Religion die,
Th' old faſhion'd Doctrine of the Croſs lay by,
And Renegades and Rebels they'd become,
Rather than paſs through grinning Martyrdom.

I knew that ordeal Tryal none could ſtand,
But the eſtabliſh'd Church's faithful Band,
Who knew the Errors of the Papal See,
Their Superſtition, and Idolatry;
And with ſoft Words, and Arguments of Steel,
Made all their palpable Abuſes feel;
And rather than they'd join the Popiſh *Crew,*
Their impious Doctrines, or their Ways purſue,
They'd under all the Rage of Tortures die,
Be torn on Racks, in Sambenitoes fry.
If Matters once to theſe Extreams ſhould drive,
Poor tender Conſcience could no longer thrive:
This had the Whiggiſh *Myſtery betray'd,*
And ſhown our Popiſh *Friends in Maſquerade:*
Their Vizards off, they'd like themſelves appear'd,
And High-Church from their vile Aſperſions clear'd.
None had their Thimbles then, or Bodkins brought,
By Aſſes Ears, or want of Judgment caught;
When all had found out their fallacious Arts,
Which had ſo long enſnar'd unguarded Hearts.

This, Madam, to prevent, your Friends and I
Reſolv'd, we'd Revolution-Phyſick try.
So we, whoſe ſoft Addreſſes long had lull'd
Our Prince to ſleep, and all his Party gull'd,

With his diſpenſing arbitrary Power,
(Tho' plotting Treaſon in the ſelf ſame Hour)
Who an Indulgence villanouſly gain'd
For them and us; yet then our Whelps we train'd;
Of Popery *to raiſe a yelping Cry,*
And arbitrary Power, and Tyranny.
The Mob, for Revolution thus prepar'd,
We could with Eaſe the threatning Miſchief ward:
A down-right Perſecution thus put by,
Our Hypocrites might ſtill in Covert lie,
Their double Hearts conceal'd from ev'ry careleſs Eye.
Thus James *thruſt out, Great* William *took the Crown,*
And Toleration *then went glibly down.*
But ſince we long had Non-Reſiſtance taught,
And Proofs from Fathers and from Scriptures brought,
That Kings deriv'd their Pedigrees from Heaven,
That God the King of Kings alone, had given
Them Thrones; which I my ſelf, when young, ſuppos'd,
And full with non-reſiſting Doctrine clos'd.
Now I, and thoſe my Friends, and hundreds more,
The Errors of our younger Years deplore.
David, *we ſay, who never fought, but fled,*
Could hardly ſpare his Royal Maſter's Head:

He

He ne'er his Sword againſt his Maſter drew,
But to his Country, and t' his King was true.
Yet him, we th' Inſtance of Reſiſtance make,
And James *for* Saul, *for* David William *take;*
Yet Jeſſe's *Son for* Saul's *Demiſe could wait,*
And not the deſtin'd Throne anticipate.
I talk'd of great Eliza's *glorious Reign,*
Who check'd that formidable Strength of Spain;
How ſhe ſupply'd Navarre, *againſt the* Guiſe,
And would not let that daring Faction ſeize
Her homag'd Lands, or in her Quarters reſt,
By the wing'd Caſtle, to defend their Neſt:
But never ſaid, that great Navarre *of Right*
Was Heir of France *himſelf, and ne'er would fight*
Againſt his Prince, but War on thoſe proclaim'd,
Who to defeat his ſacred Birth-right arm'd.
I never told how angry Spain *repaid*
Thoſe Troubles which Eliza's *Conduct made:*
How he among the Iriſh *Kens prevail'd,*
And a long War on her long Reign entail'd.
I told them how the Maccabees *of old*
Oppos'd their Syrian *Lords with Courage bold,*
Their lawful Kings, and how our Church approv'd
And read their Acts, by ſome bleſs'd Spirit mov'd;

But never own'd 'twas all a ſhameleſs Lie,
That no ſuch Leſſons fill'd her Liturgy.
I told them how the Royal Martyr try'd
To reſcue Rochel *from* Armandoe's *Pride,*
And their Reduction, when their Prince deſign'd,
He freely with reſiſting Subjects join'd;
Made ſolemn Pray'rs, that Heav'n wou'd pleaſe to bleſs
His Arms and Expedition with Succeſs.
But how his Hopes by Heav'n were blaſted quite,
How Richelieu's *retaliating Spite*
Rais'd Puritans, Low-Church-men, Papiſts, all
To join in that unhappy Prince's Fall,
I ſaid not, leaſt the Mob the Hint ſhould take,
And our Deſigns, becauſe unbleſs'd, forſake.
Hence I the Britiſh *Church's Judgment prov'd,*
And where our Whiggiſh *Loons Sedition mov'd;*
All to the Britiſh *Church's Charge I laid,*
And Hypocrites of all their Clergy made,
Whoſe Sermons, Articles, and Liturgy
Preſs Non-Reſiſtance to the laſt Degree;
But they'd ſome nice Diſtinctions ſtill in view,
Which neither Kings, of old, nor Chriſtians knew;
By which to Day they'd write, and preach, and ſwear,
The next in Arms againſt their Prince appear.

Passive-Obedience once my self had prais'd,
And Non-Resistance to the Stars had rais'd;
But still that same Distinction kept in Mind,
My Thoughts and Acts no formal Words could bind;
A guilty Conscience drove me first from Home
Thro' France, Geneva, Basil, Zurich, Rome,
Intelligence in ev'ry Place to gain,
That might cut short imprudent James's *Reign.*
Tho' Louis *I above the rest admir'd,*
By all the Arts of Government inspir'd,
Whose Word, whose Nod, whose Looks were all Commands,
Who scorn'd the strongest Oaths, uneasy Bands;
Awful as Heav'n it self, and absolute,
Whose Will no sawcy Subject durst dispute;
Yet I abhorr'd that James *so great should be,*
Least his long Arm at last should reach to me.
Afraid of this, I mov'd against my King,
And made the British *Horse his Rider fling:*
I show'd that we Equivocation knew,
As well as any of th' Ignatian *Crew;*
What'er our Pens, what'er our Tongues declar'd,
Had still a mental Reservation-Guard.
We swore we'd to the British *Crown be true,*
Till we'd some pow'rful Malecontent in View.

Deadly

Deadly 'gainſt all that we'd defend our King,
'Till to offend, would more Advantage bring.
That we'd hereditary Right maintain,
Only 'till we our ſelves thought fit to reign.
Prelates and Kings we'd hold of Right divine,
Unleſs Scotch *Whigs to Union ſhould incline.*
That we'd th' eſtabliſh'd Britiſh *Church ſupport,*
'Till Famis *and* Popelings *ſhould get Ground at Court.*
That we'd ne'er from our honeſt Maxims fly,
Unleſs that ſtubborn Soul that could not ply,
Muſt in ſome Inquiſition's Tortures die.
I ſhow'd them how this cloſe Reſerve had been,
Like the original Contract, *never ſeen;*
Nor ever can be, but from Hand to Hand,
In Talk has travers'd ev'ry Chriſtian Land,
To which rebelling Subjects ſtill refer,
It arms their Troops, and juſtifies the War.
So have I known a hard-brow'd Lawyer ſham
The learned Judges with a likely Flam,
From num'rous Year-Book ne'er alledg'd before,
And ſtun them with his new-diſcover'd Store,
Which on a nearer Search were found too plain
The empty Phantoſms of his crafty Brain.

I shew'd that long long Meeting justify'd,
And for the Good Old Cause, *in Truth, I ly'd;*
They'd no disloyal Thoughts, or else I ly'd,
Tho' Laud *and* Strafford *by their Treasons dy'd;*
They meant no Ill to either Church or State,
And might most loyally perpetuate
Themselves, and in Effect dethrone their King,
And make the Realms with his Misfortunes ring.
I, who still trade in secret History,
By which I've vented many a shameless Lie,
Show'd how their Management was just and right,
For Proof, did Hollys *and old* Grimston *cite;*
Hollys, *who could with* Prynn *and* Hampden *plot*
Against their King, to raise the graceless Scot;
Grimston, *who for the Church and Nation's Good,*
Could dip his Hands in Laud's *unguilty Blood;*
Their Credit I to common Sense oppos'd,
And with each partial, factious Pamphlet clos'd;
Set Rushworth *up against Great* Clarendon,
A sput'ring Lamp against a cloudless Sun.
Hoadly, *my dear Polacque, old* Gnesnae's *Heir,*
The Senate's Darling, and his Sov'reign's Care,
I prais'd, because his Thoughts agreed with mine;
Both laugh'd at Government by Right divine,

Of

Of Kings or Priests; and both Resistance taught,
And many Gulls our Indian *Berries caught.*

Kennet, *my soft-crown'd Friend, whose Talent lies*
In Panegyrics and Antiquities;
Kennet, *who fears a Popish Tyrant more,*
Tho' Tajaniz'd or Deify'd before,
Than a sharp Shrew's shrill, never-ceasing Bell,
Than Pagans, Turks, *and all the Devils in Hell,*
Who'd, like an honest, mod'rate Priest, believe
None could the Nation's Liberties retrieve;
None could prevent Rome's *forward Hopes so well,*
As one who first had pawn'd his Soul to Hell:
He only Safety to the Realms could bring,
Who worshipp'd Belial, *but renounc'd the King.*

Thus now we preach, whate'er we preach'd before;
Thus left the Tory, *learn'd the* Whiggish *Lire;*
And this strange Weather-cock Divinity
Makes all our British *Clergy open lie,*
By Atheistic Wits despis'd and scorn'd,
As all by carnal Interest suborn'd,
As if we car'd not what we preach'd or did,
If but the great Command, the Great forbid.

The Priests despis'd, Religion falls of Course,
Its noblest Lectures lose their wonted Force;

In

In common Vogue we paſs for Atheiſts, *all*
The Mob with us to Irreligion fall;
Defy the wiſer Councels of the few,
Who to their Calling, and their Lord are true;
While Hell an over-loading Harveſt gains,
Laid up in ſcorching Fires, and everlaſting Pains.

While thus the Mitred *Hypocrite* declaims,
And Moderation's Iſſue rightly Names:
While the grand *D*——s, and th' infernal Quire,
His Brow, his Language, and his Tone admire;
And much was ſaid, and much remain'd to ſay,
By all the reſt, and all the ſelf ſame way.
Shrill ſuddain Shouts, thro' the veſt Concave ſound,
And doubling from the vaulted Arch, rebound;
A Storm to that dead Air unknown before,
Beneath that Ebone Plain began to roar:
Convulſive Pangs the ſpacious building ſhock'd,
And all the Structure's broad Foundations rock'd.
Into her Womb the frighted Serpents crawl'd,
The Queen at that portentous Omen ſquawl'd:
The Throne's Supporters, daſh'd to ſhivers, fell,
The torn Partition ſhow'd eternal Hell:
The light *Boraccio*'s topſy-turvy roll'd,
The Lords o'reſet, their Doxies held their hold.

And while entangled ſo, the ſhrieking Crew,
Down to eternal Gloom, a pitchy Whirlpool drew.
The Pile diſſolv'd, with inward Sulphur glows,
And up unceaſing ſtenchful Vapours throws:
So when a Mine has with Succeſs been ſprung,
And ſome huge Tower from its Baſis flung:
A diſmal Hollow ſtill appears beneath,
Half cramm'd with Ruins, Horrors, Stench, and Death.
But upward ſtill the ſulphurous Volumes roul,
Belch'd from the Entrails of the monſt'rous Hole.
The Spirit chang'd on Leathern ſounding Wings,
A Fury thro' the thickning Sulphur ſprings;
On lazy Sails ſhe beats the Welkin round,
Too blind to paſs bright Heaven's eternal Mound;
Her Foot no Reſt can find, no Eaſe her Cries,
She like the Schrieck-Owl, ſolitary flies
From *Eaſt* to *Weſt*, to ſhun the riſing Day;
Now throughly known, ſhe wings her tedious Way,
Rack'd by her hopeleſs State, and loſt in black Diſmay.
They Shout again, *'Tis* Anna's *glorious Day,*
She now reſumes her Scepter's rightful ſway;
Throws off the Wretches that abus'd her Grace,
And gives Religion, Juſtice, Virtue place.

And

And now the Danger's paſs'd, the Church and State
Have weather'd all the Storms of lowring Fate.
Now Anna *reigns! away the Tempeſts fly,*
And brighter Days aſcend the cheerful Sky.
O're her fair Victory ſpreads her golden Wings;
To her each Day ſucceſſive Honour brings:
Spain *ſends freſh Laurels to adorn her Brows,*
And France *to her ſuperior Genius bows:*
No Troops can ſtand her in the Martial Field,
No Forts ſo ſtrong, but to her Armies yield.
Anna, *the truly Chriſtian Temper trys,*
For Knaves too honeſt, and for Fools too wiſe;
No tender Mother's Bowels yerning more
On him, her Womb with utmoſt Anguiſh bore,
Than Anna's *on thoſe ſtubborn Subjects, who*
With Diſcontents her prudent Reign purſue.
The miſlead Tribes her ſoft Compaſſion find,
Her Heart's all to her Mother's Sons inclin'd.
May theſe her Love, with filial Love repay,
May thoſe in Peace, her juſt Commands obey.
May Heavenly Wiſdom all her Friends inſpire,
The reſt no lawleſs Liberties deſire.
May Anna's *Womb the longing Nations bleſs,*
Her Heirs ſucceſſively the Crown poſſeſs:
May ſhe, prepar'd for War, a Peace command,
Her Name in Honour's Rolls immortal ſtand.
O! may her Sword the vicious Age correct,
Her Smiles, her Maſter's Virgin Spouſe protect:
Long may ſhe reign, thro' ev'ry Age renown'd,
Her Heart with Heavenly Grace, her Head with Glory crown'd.

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FINIS.